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S O L O M O N ' S  
RECANTATION,

INTITULED

ECCLESIASTES,

P A R A P H R A S ' D.

W I T H

A *Soliloquy or Meditation*  
Upon Every Chapter.

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By FRANCIS QUARLES.

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*O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!*

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*R Bible. O. T. Ecclesiastes.*

L O N D O N:

Re-printed and Sold by L. HINDE, at the Bible in  
George-Yard, Lombard-street, 1739.

[ Price Six-pence. ]

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# Solomon's Recantation,

INTITULED

## ECCLESIASTES.

### CHAP. I.

*The Preacher sheweth that all human Courses are vain: Because the Creatures are restless in their Courses, they bring forth nothing new, and all old Things are forgotten, and because he hath found it so in the Studies of Wisdom.*

**T**HUS sayes the best of Preachers and of Kings,  
Thus *Solomon* the Son of *David* sings.

The greatest Happiness that Earth can prize  
Is all most vain, and vaineſt Vanities.

What Profit can accrue to Man? what Gains  
Can crown his Actions, or reward his Pains?

Beneath the Orb of Heavens ſurrounding Sun,  
What worth his Labour hath his Labour done?

One Generation gives another Way,

But Earth abides in one perpetual Stay:

The Prince of Light puts on his Morning Crown,

And in the Evening lays his Glory down:

Where leaving Earth to take a ſhort Repoſe,

He ſoon returns, and riſes where he roſe:

The troubled Air provokes the Southern States,  
 And then it blusters at the Borean Gates ;  
 It whirls about in his uncertain Sphere,  
 And rides his unknown Circuit ev'ry where ;  
 All Rivers to the Seas their Tribute yield,  
 And yet th' hydropick Seas are never fill'd,  
 Their sliding Streams pursue their Passage home,  
 And drive their hasty Tides from whence they come.  
 The World is all compos'd of Change ; nor can  
 Her Vanity be character'd by Man :  
 The Eye's not satisfy'd ; and what we hear,  
 Fills not the Concave of th' insatiate Ear :  
 The Thing that heretofore hath been, we see  
 Is but the same that is, and is to be :  
 And what is done, is what is to be done ;  
 There's nothing that is new beneath the Sun.  
 What Novelty can Earth proclaim, and say,  
 It had no Precedent before this Day ?  
 No, no, there's nothing modern Times can own,  
 The which precedent Ages have not known :  
 The Deeds of former Days expire their Date  
 In our collaps'd Memories, and what  
 Times early Sun-shine hath not ripened yet,  
 Succeeding Generations shall forget.

I *Solomon*, whose choice Affections own  
 The Churches Service dearer than my Throne,  
 Was chosen and anointed King, and now  
 Wear Israel's Crown upon my studious Brow :  
 I bent my Heart, by Wisdom, to descry  
 What e're subsists beneath the spangled Skye ;  
 With such hard Travel hath our God thought good  
 To exercise the Souls of Flesh and Blood.  
 My Thoughts have ponder'd all that hath been done  
 Betwixt the solid Centre and the Sun,  
 And lo! the Object of my *Contemplation*  
 Is but meer *Vanity*, and Souls *Vexation*.  
 Not all this Knowledge can reduce the State  
 Of crooked Nature to a perfect Strait ;

Nor



Nor sum our Ignorances, which surmount  
 The Language of *Arithmaticks* Account.  
 I view'd my Heart, and there found greater Store  
 Of Wisdom, than all those that liv'd before:  
 No Knowledge could remain, no Wisdom lie  
 Close from mine Ear, nor clouded from mine Eye.  
 I gave my all-enquiring Heart to know  
 Not *Wisdom* only, but e'en *Folly* too:  
 And I perceiv'd that all this Contemplation  
 Was vain, and nothing but the Soul's Vexation:  
 For he that labours for much Wisdom, gains  
 Grief in th' Enjoyment; in pursuit but Pains:  
 And who improves his Knowledge, strives to borrow  
 A fair Advantage to increase his Sorrow.

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## S O L I L O Q U Y I.

**H**OW are the vain Desires of *Flesh and Blood*  
 Beseold in that mistaken thing call'd good!  
 How Travel seeks it! how unwearied Hearts  
 Make it the Object both of Arms and Arts!  
 How many certain obvious Ills attend  
 The Way to this uncertain Journeys End!  
 We tire the Night in Thought, the Day in Toyl,  
 Spare neither Sweat nor lucubrated Oil,  
 To seek the thing we cannot find; or found,  
 We cannot hold; or held, we cannot ground  
 So firm, as to resist the various Swings  
 Of fickle Fortune, or the Frowns of Kings.  
 Poor fruitless Labours of deluded Man!  
 How vainly are ye spent? How short a Span  
 Of seeming Pleasure serves ye to requite  
 Long Leagues of Travel? For one Drop's Delight  
 Of airy Froth, how are ye forc'd to borrow  
 Strong Gales of Hope, to sail through Seas of Sorrow?

Why

*Why do we thus afflict our lab'ring Souls  
 With Dregs of Wormwood, and carouse full Bowls  
 Of boyling Anguish? To what hopeful End  
 Droyl we our crazy Bodies, and expend  
 Our sorrow-wasted Spirits, to acquire  
 A Good, not worth a Breath of our Desire?  
 A Good, whose fulsome Sweetness clogs and cloy  
 The Soul, but neither lasts nor satisfies:  
 How poor an Object pleases! And how soon  
 That Pleasure finds an End! How quickly Noon!  
 How quickly Night! And what to day we prize  
 Above our Souls, to morrow we despise  
 Beneath a Trifle: What in former Times  
 We own'd as Virtue, now we tax as Crimes.*

*What is this World, but e'en a great Exchange  
 Of dear bought Penn'worths, all compos'd of Change?  
 Where frothy Honour may be bought and sold  
 With Heart-corrupting, Eye-beguiling Gold:  
 Where sullen Wealth, and Friend-betraying Treasure  
 May pass in Barter for repented Pleasure:  
 Where painted Sweetness (though a Grain too light)  
 Shall buy a Lord's Estate for one poor Night:  
 Where unstain'd Beauties Youth shall buy an old  
 Breath-tainted Churl, diseas'd with Gout and Gold:  
 Where Birth-rights, Blessings, nay and Souls to boot  
 (And yet not deem'd a Penn'worth under foot)  
 Shall pass for fond Delights: Where very Names  
 Without an Alias, (to lay after-Claims  
 To a poor Lordship) shall be swept away  
 For Clods of Earth, and those for one Nights Play.*

*Tell me, my puzzled Soul, what wouldst thou buy?  
 Go in and cheapen: Let thy curious Eye  
 Make her own Choice: They will present thy View  
 With numerous Joys: Buy something that is new:  
 Alas! there's nothing new beneath the Skie.  
 Look further; further yet: Go please thine Eye,  
 Search, till the Object and thine Eye agrees:  
 Thine Eye's not satisfy'd with what it sees.*

*Buy something that will last ; that will remain  
To after-days : All's momentary, all's vain.*

*Ay, but my Soul, here's fairer Merchandise,  
Wisdom and Knowledge : That, to make thee wise ;  
This, to instruct thee : Come, thou needst not fear  
Too hard a Bargain : Go, and purchase there :  
Alas ! much Wisdom makes thy Grief but double ;  
Increase of Knowledge brings Increase of Trouble.*

*Ay, but my Soul, the gracious Eye of Heaven  
Hath smil'd upon thee. His full Hand hath given  
A large Addition to thy thriven Estate ;  
Thy Barns and Bags are fill'd ; thy Servants wait  
Upon thy Business, and their Shoulders bear  
Thy fruitful Burdens ; who, like Pilots, steer  
Thy reeling Vessel : Thou art rich endow'd  
With Knowledge, Wisdom, Judgment, and allow'd  
Some Grains to make thee Weight : Methinks thy Heart,  
So arm'd with strong Resolves, should never start  
At threatening Ills : Methinks thy daring Eye,  
(If all the crystal Rapiers of the Skie  
Should make one Ruin, and that Ruin fall  
About thine Ears) should be unmov'd at all.*

*No, no, my Soul, 'tis neither Barn nor Purse  
Cram'd up with Coin or Corn, can baulk the Curse  
Entail'd upon thy Sin : Nor Height of Blood,  
Nor all that this mistaken Earth calls good :  
Not very Knowledge, no nor Wisdom can  
Exempt thee from the common Lot of Man.  
The wisest Prince that ever blest a Nation,  
Found all things vain, and when enjoy'd, Vexation.*

CHAP.

## C H A P. II.

*The Vanity of human Courses in the Works of Pleasure. Though the Wise be better than the Fool, yet both have but one Event. The Vanity of human Labour, in leaving it they know not to whom. Nothing better than Joy in our Labour, but that is God's Gift.*

**S**INCE Knowledge then affords my Soul no Rest,  
 My roving Thoughts try'd Mirth, and were possest  
 Of all the Pleasures Earth could lend; yet I  
 Found Mirth and Pleasure all but Vanity:  
 I laugh'd at Laughter as a toyish Antick;  
 And counted all my Mirth no less than frantick:  
 My Heart (but wisely foolish) did incline  
 To costly Fare, and frolick Cups of Wine,  
 That in these Pleasures I might find some Good,  
 To crown the short liv'd Days of Flesh and Blood:  
 I built magnifick Palaces, did frame  
 Great Buildings to the Glory of my Name:  
 I planted Vineyards, whose plump Clusters might  
 Rejoice my Heart, and lend my Soul Delight:  
 I made me fruitful Orchards for my Pleasure,  
 And curious Gardens to refresh my Leisure;  
 I stored them with Trees, and these with Bowers,  
 And made a Paradise of Fruits and Flowers:  
 I made me standing Pools, to entertain  
 My breathless Guests and all their num'rous Train:  
 I cut me Aqueducts, whose Current flees  
 And waters all my Wilderness of Trees:  
 Armies of Servants do attend my State,  
 Both Foreigners, and born within my Gate:

Herds



Herds I possess, and Flocks above all them  
 That reign'd before me in *Jerusalem* :  
 Abundant Silver, Gold, and precious Stones  
 By Kings presented, my Exchequer owns :  
 All Sorts of Musick (Earth's Delight) had I  
 To feed mine Ear, Beauties to please mine Eye :  
 Such State, Magnificence, and Princely Store,  
 Wondring *Jerusalem* never saw before :  
 In all this Pomp, my Heart had not forgot  
 The lawful Use ; my Wisdom fail'd me not :  
 I gave mine Eyes what e're mine Eyes requir'd,  
 Deny'd my Heart no Mirth my Heart desir'd :  
 For my poor Heart's Delight was all my Gains,  
 My Pleasure was the Portion of my Pains.  
 At length I cast my serious Eye upon  
 My painful Works, and what my Hands had done :  
 But lo, beneath the Sun no Contentation,  
 All, all was Vanity, and Souls Vexation.  
 With that I turn'd my weary Thoughts again  
 On Wisdom, and the Foolishness of Men ;  
 (Search they that please to search, alas ! there's none  
 Can search the Truth more strict than *Solomon*)  
 When my impartial Judgment did compare  
 Folly with Wisdom, this doth e'en as far  
 Excel the other, as meridian Light  
 Excels the Shadows of the darkest Night :  
 The wise Man's Eyes are in his Head ; they stand  
 Like Watchmen in the Tower, to guard the Land :  
 But Fools haunt Darkness ; yet my self perceive  
 The self-same Lot both Fools and wise Men have.  
 Ah ! then (said I) if equal Fortune lies  
 For Fools and me, what Vantage to be wise ?  
 What Profit hath my Wisdom ? Then thought I,  
 The height of Wisdom hath her Vanity.  
 The foolish Bauble, and the learned Bays,  
 Are both forgotten in succeeding Days :  
 Impartial Death shall close the dying Eyes  
 Both of the Fool, and also of the Wise :

B

Therefore

Therefore I hated Life, for from th' Events  
 Of human Actions flow my Discontents :  
 Life spent in Action, or in Contemplation,  
 Is all but Vanity, and Souls Vexation.  
 I hated all that e'er my Hands had done  
 In seeking Happiness beneath the Sun ;  
 For what I did I cannot call mine own,  
 Another's hand must reap what mine hath sown.  
 Who knows if my Successor is to be  
 A wise Man or a Fool ? how'er 'tis he  
 Must spend with Ease what I have earn'd with Pain  
 And Souls Vexation ; this is also vain :  
 For which, my Soul (thus fool'd with vain Pursuit  
 Of blossom'd Happiness that bears no Fruit)  
 Whisper'd Despair of all that I had done  
 To purchase perfect Good beneath the Sun.  
 Some Men there be whose more elaborate Gains  
 (The Fruits of lawful Cares, and prudent Pains)  
 Descend to those that knew not Pains nor Art ;  
 This is a Vanity and afflicts the Heart.  
 For what Reward hath Man of all his Droyl,  
 His Ev'ning Trouble, and his Morning Toyl,  
 His Hearts Vexation, and his Grievs that run  
 Through all his Labours underneath the Sun ?  
 His Days are Sorrows ; tedious Grievs attend  
 His Travel, hopeless of a Journies End ;  
 His restless Nights afford his closed Eye  
 No Slumbers : This is also Vanity.  
 There's nothing sweeter than to take Repast  
 Of Meats and Drinks, and now and then to cast  
 Grievs Burthen off, and gently loose the Reins  
 By intermingling Pleasures with our Pains :  
 But this, I know, lies not in our Command,  
 It is a Blessing from th' Almighty's Hand :  
 For who can eat ? what Mortal can apply  
 His Heart to force a Pleasure more than I ?  
 Heav'n gives the just Man Wisdom, Knowledge, Mirth ;  
 To Sinners, Travel ; to heap Earth to Earth ;  
Wherewith

Wherewith t' enrich the righteous Generation;  
This is his Vanity, and Souls Vexation.

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## S O L I L O Q U Y II.

**B**UT stay my Soul! Art thou resolved then  
T' abjure Delight, and turn Capucian?  
Because thy Earth hath thus eclips'd the Light  
Of thy Contentment, wilt thou make it Night?  
Wert thou condemn'd to Sorrows? wert thou born  
To live in Languishment, and die forlorn?  
Abuse not thy Creation: Thou wert made  
Not thus to starve thy Blossoms in the Shade  
Of barren Melancholy; or to waste  
Thy pensive Hours in the boisterous Blast  
Of stormy Discontent: Come, come, my Soul,  
Hoist up thy Sails to Mirth: Let others howle  
And whine: Let such as always are at wars  
With their own Fortunes, curse their ill-fac'd Stars:  
Pass thou thy frolick Youth in Revels, Sports,  
And fresh Delights: Frequent the purple Courts  
Of prosperous Princes: Stew thy Heart in Mirth,  
And crush the Child of Sorrow in her Birth:

O but, my Soul, what Profit can accrew  
From lavish Mirth? what Pleasure is't to screw  
An antick Face and grim? or to enforce  
An empty Laughter in a vain Discourse?

Why then, my Soul, Go wind the Plummets up  
Of thy down Spirits with a chirping Cup:  
Redeem thee from the Gripes of Care, and Rapes  
Of Grief, and drench them in the Blood of Grapes.

Ay, but perchance in that sad Heart of thine  
There is a Wound, craves rather Oil than Wine.

If then thy Cure prove worse than thy Disease,  
That Grief thou dar'st not cure, attempt to ease:

*Forget thy Sorrows ; or if rugged Sense  
 Will not be woo'd by Language to dispense  
 With her provoking Foe, advise with Art :  
 Those stubborn Streams thou canst not stop, divert :  
 And like a pain-afflicted Stripling, play  
 With some new Toy, to while thy Grief away.  
 Go, raise great Works, whose Structure may impart  
 The Master's Wisdom, and the Builders Art :  
 Build Houses, whose Magnificence may proclaim  
 Thy Worth, as lasting Monuments of thy Name.  
 Plant Orchards for thy Pleasure : Deck thy Bowers  
 With dainty Fruits, and delectable Flowers :  
 Cut Waterworks : Instruct the silver Tide  
 To wanton up and down : Teach her to slide  
 In soft Meanders. through the fluid Veins  
 Of thy green-breasted Stream-embroidered Plains ;  
 Ravish thy Soul with Musick, and refresh  
 The wasted Spirits of thy unweildy Flesh  
 With high-bred Raptures : Let harmonious Airs  
 Compose the Discords of thy droiling Cares :  
 Take pleasure in thy pale-enclosed Grounds,  
 And let the Rhet'rick of thy deep-mouth'd Hounds  
 Perswade thy head-strong Sorrows so to fly  
 Before thy Herd, as they before the Cry :*

*Alas, alas, my poor deluded Soul,  
 Think'st thou to quench thy Fire with Oil, or for to cool  
 Thy Flame with Cordials ? Can thy born Disease  
 Expect a Cure from such Receipts as these ?  
 No, no, these Bellows mount the Blaze the higher,  
 Thou leap'st but from the Pan into the Fire.*

*Ay, but my Soul, methinks a wise Forecast  
 (Though not redress the Mischiefs that are past)  
 May claim some kind of Priv'ledge to prevent  
 The Ills that future Changes may present ;  
 If not, what Harm, what Disconvenience lies  
 In being fool ? What Vantage to be wise ?  
 Both fool and wise must pay an equal Shot  
 At Nature's Table ; have the self-same Lot.*



*Why then, my Soul, since Sorrow needs must haunt  
 Thy Life, condemn'd to Labour, cease to daunt  
 Thy bold Endeavours with the sense of Care,  
 Chear up thy whining Heart, and take thy Share  
 Of all thy Labours, eat, and drink ; and let  
 Thy Sense enjoy the Wages of thy Sweat :  
 'Tis all thy Portion : Take what may be had ;  
 Bad is the best, then make the best of bad :  
 Sweeten thy Pains ; mix Pleasure with thy Sorrow ;  
 Who knows to day what shall betide to morrow ?*

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### C H A P. III.

*By the necessary Change of Times, Vanity is added to  
 human Travel ; there is an Excellency in God's  
 Works : But as for Man, God sha'l judge his Works  
 there, and here he shall be like a Beast.*

**T**HE great Creator in his wise Decree  
 Hath pitcht a Time when every Change shall be,  
 And through his watchful Providence hath given  
 A Season to each Purpose under Heaven ;  
 There is a Time appointed for our Birth,  
 And there's a Time for Earth to turn to Earth :  
 There is a Time to plant, a Time wherein  
 To pluck those Plants, thus planted, up again :  
 There is a Season when to build, ev'n so,  
 There is a Season to demolish too :  
 There is a Season to inflict a Wound,  
 And there's another Season to make sound :  
 There is a Time for Tears to drown thine Eye ;  
 A Time to laugh and lay thy Sorrows by :  
 There is a Time to mourn ; a Time to meet  
 The sprightly Musick with thy num'rous Feet :

There

There is a due appointed Season, either  
 To scatter Stones, or gather Stones together :  
 There is a Time t' embrace, and there be Spaces  
 Of Time, appointed to refrain Embraces :  
 There is a Time to gain, and there's ordain'd  
 Another Time to lose the Thing we gain'd ;  
 There is a Time to recollect and lay  
 Thy Treasure up ; a Time to cast away :  
 There is a Time appointed when to rend ;  
 And there's a Time appointed when to mend :  
 A Time for Silence, and a Time to break  
 Reserved Silence ; there's a Time to speak :  
 A Time to love, and there's a Time t' abate  
 Our warm Affections ; there's a Time to hate :  
 A Time of War, and there's a Time to cease  
 The bloody Battle ; there's a Time for Peace.

If Heaven's Decree thus bound the Works of Men,  
 What Profit gains the fruitless Worker then ?  
 What boots our Travel, or those Works of ours,  
 If all our Plots depend on heav'nly Pow'rs ?  
 Nor are our Actions, or their secret Ends  
 Govern'd by Chance ; nor do our Works depend  
 On hoodwink'd Fortune ; no, pleas'd Heaven thinks  
 To exercise the Souls of Flesh and Blood : (good  
 What e'er he did, is fair, and timely done,  
 He gave the World for Man to muse upon :  
 Whose Eye, with Admiration may discover  
 The Motion, not the Progress of the Mover.  
 I know, that from the Works of Flesh and Blood,  
 As they are Man's, there can arise no Good ;  
 Unless perchance to qualify with Oyl  
 The Soul-afflicting Vin'gar of his Toyl ;  
 Or if it happen that his Soul may eat  
 And drink, and reap the Harvest of his Sweat  
 To sweeten Sorrows, may we understand  
 It is a Gift from the Almighty's Hand :  
 I know that Heaven's Decree is seal'd, and free  
 From Alteration, a most firm Decree :

And

And so ordain'd, that the presumptuous Race  
 Of Man may fear the Majesty of his Face :  
 The thing that is, hath been ; and what of old  
 Hath been, succeeding Ages shall behold :  
 The great Disposer keeps the self-same Track,  
 And calls his timely Revolutions back.  
 I view'd the Chair of Judgment, where I saw  
 Instead of Righteousness, perverted Law :  
 I view'd the Courts of Equity, and spy'd  
 Corruption there, and Justice warpt aside.  
 O then (thought I) the Judge of Heaven shall do  
 Right to the Wicked, and the Righteous too.  
 For there's a Time true Justice shall proceed  
 On ev'ry Purpose, upon every Deed.  
 Then puzzel'd in my Thoughts, I thus advis'd,  
 Heaven suffers Mortals to be exercis'd  
 In their own Miseries, that they may see  
 They're not more happy than the Sensuals be.  
 To Man and Beast the self-same Lots befall ;  
 Man dies, so dies the Beast : Alas they all  
 Enjoy one Breath ; what Royalties remain  
 To Man above a Beast ? For both are vain ;  
 Both travel to the self-same Place ; both tend  
 Their Paces to the self-same Journies End :  
 The Substance of their Flesh is both the same,  
 But Dust, to Dust both turn from whence they came.  
 What curious Inquisitor doth know  
 The Place whereto ascending Souls do go ?  
 Or can renown'd Philosophy declare  
 Whither the dying Spirits of Beasts repair ?  
 This rightly weigh'd, it seems the better Choice  
 For Man to suck his Labours, and rejoice :  
 'Tis all the Portion he is like to have :  
 Who knows the Entertainments of the Grave ?

## S O L I L O Q U Y. III.

**C**OME now my Soul, thou hast with toylsom Pains  
 Outworn the Day, and with thy dear-bought Gains,  
 Thou hast refresh'd thy Spirits, and at length,  
 With lusty Diet, hast redeem'd thy Strength,  
 Thou hast forgot thy Labours, and thy Rest  
 Hath crown'd Contentment in thy peaceful Breast :  
 Art thou now pleas'd ? What can thy Heart require,  
 More than thou hast, to fill thy vast Desire ?

True, if my bubble Life could get a Lease  
 Of this small Rest, nay, if the present Peace  
 Were but secur'd from this succeeding Sorrow,  
 Long since design'd to the next neighb'ring morrow,  
 It were some Happiness, and would present  
 A large Proportion of a short Content :  
 But Change (the Moth of transitory Things  
 That's never worse than when the Season brings  
 A Flash of Good) doth all Things so unframe  
 That Earth's Content doth scarce deserve the Name  
 Of common Happiness ; which like the Wind  
 Varies, still meeting with a various Mind.

Unconstant Earth ! what can thy Treasure shew,  
 That is not, like thyself, unconstant too ?  
 How full of Change ! how full of Alteration !  
 Nay, fix'd in nothing but thy meer Foundation.  
 And like thyself, our natural Parent, we  
 Constant in Nothing, but in loving thee !  
 One while we plunge in Tears, and by and by,  
 We rage in Laughter, yet not knowing why :  
 To day, the Zeal of our Affections such,  
 We burn in Love, to morrow, hate as much :  
 Sometimes we fear not when our Ills appear,  
 Sometimes affrighted at no Cause of Fear :  
 One while we should and will not, will and should not,  
 Nay, at the self-same Moment, would and would not.



To day we feast, and quaffe in frolick Bow's,  
 To morrow fast, and pinch our guilty Souls.  
 Now Musick, now a Knell salutes our Ears,  
 At Noon we swim in Wine, at Night in Tears:  
 O'er Night our Vows are made, or Joy concluded:  
 To day the Dangers past, and Heaven deluded:  
 The last six Months our Fortune swell'd with Store,  
 And now they break, was never Job so poor:  
 Time was, that Peace enrich'd our joyful Land,  
 Time is, our martial Drum beats War at hand.  
 Unconstant Earth! O, is it not enough  
 Thy Days are Ill at best; and but a Puff  
 At longest? At the Fruitfulest but vain?  
 But sad, at merriest, and at sweetest, Pain?  
 Is not all this enough? enough to make  
 The miserable Child of Man forsake  
 The false Protection of thy magick Eye,  
 Without the Addition of Inconstancy?  
 Is't not enough that we poor Farmers pay  
 Quit rent to Nature at the very Day,  
 And at our dying Hour bequeath to thee  
 Our whole Subsistence for a Legacy?  
 But thou must leave our Frailties as a Prey  
 To time born Change, that will permit no Stay  
 In one Estate, nor give us leave to lie  
 Sad Patients in a quiet Misery!

O but my Soul, why dost thou thus contend  
 With thy Creators Pleasure? Cease to spend  
 This needless Breath: Shall thy disordered Will  
 Confront his Providence? Or call that Ill,  
 Which he thinks Good? Tell me, my Soul, shall be,  
 That gave thee Being, be prescrib'd by thee?  
 He made thee for his Glory; not to spend  
 Thy Days in slavish Labour; nor to end  
 Thy painful Travel in the Shades of Death:  
 But thou hast tainted that immortal Breath,  
 Which qualifi'd thy Life, and made thee free  
 Of Heav'n and Earth, and a joynt Patentee

*With smooth fac'd Cherubims, and too too proud  
 Of thy short Honour, warpt thy Thoughts, and bow'd  
 Thy strait Desires to unknown Delight,  
 And wrapt thy Glory in the Clouds of Night :  
 Lost thy Freewill to good, didst overthrow  
 Thy perfect Knowledge with Desire to know ;  
 Bereft of Wisdom lab'ring to be wise,  
 Now peer'd with Beasts, that only works and dies.  
 Both born to Sorrow, breathe the self-same Breath,  
 Live both alike, both die the self-same Death :  
 Since then, my Soul, thy Hopes may not aspire  
 To what thou would'st, suit thy supprest Desire  
 To what thou mayst : And let thy Wisdom play  
 Bad Cards with best Advantage : What the Day  
 Brings in by Travel, let thy frolick Night  
 Consume in Mirth, and spend in full Delight :  
 Take thou to day, let others take to morrow ;  
 He earns the Solace, that endures the Sorrow.*

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## C H A P. IV.

*Vanity is increased unto Men by Oppression, by Envy,  
 by Idleness, by Covetousness, by Solitariness, by  
 Wilfulness.*

**M**Y Soul return'd and fixt her Thoughts upon  
 The hard Oppressions made beneath the Sun ;  
 And lo, the Tears of Captives in Distreis,  
 Cry'd loud for Comfort, yet were comfortless ;  
 Great were the Oppressor's Power, yet the Grief  
 Of the Opprest was void of all Relief :  
 O then, I counted their Condition blest,  
 Whom Death hath lull'd in everlasting Rest ;  
 Yea, far more blest than those that live, to stand  
 Afflicted Patients at th' Opressor's Hand.

Nay

Nay, far than both are they more blessed, whom  
 Conception never hanſell'd in the Womb ;  
 Or thoſe Abortives, whom untimely Birth  
 Excus'd from all the Sorrows of the Earth,  
 I muſ'd again, and found when Pains had crackt  
 The harder Shell to ſome heroick Act,  
 Pale Envy ſtrikes the Kernel with Taxation ;  
 O this is Vanity, and Souls Vexation.  
 The ſluggiſh Fool that ſolitary ſtands,  
 With yawning Lips, and boſom-folded Hands,  
 Conſumes his empty Days, at laſt, is fed  
 With his own Fleſh, that would not move for Bread :  
 His idle Tongue thus pleading for his Sloth,  
 Better one Hand be fill'd with Reſt, than both  
 Strech'd forth in Travel, to prepare full Diet,  
 With Hearts Vexation, and the Soul's Diſquiet.  
 Thus paufing, Contemplation ſhew'd mine Eye,  
 A new Proſpect of human Vanity ;  
 There is a lonely Man that hath none other  
 To foſter than himſelf, nor Child nor Brother,  
 Whoſe droyling Hands think nothing can ſupply  
 The greedy Wants of his infatiate Eye ;  
 He robs himſelf, nor knows for whoſe Relief ;  
 This is a Vanity and wounding Grief.  
 The ſingle State of him that lives alone  
 Is double Grief ; Two better is than One :  
 For Two can ſhare the Sorrows that beſal  
 To One ; One's worſe than not to be at all ;  
 If eithers drooping Shoulders be betray'd  
 To a ſad Burden, there's a mutual Aid :  
 Woe to the Man whom Danger meets alone,  
 For there's no Arm to help him but his own :  
 When two divide the Comforts of a Bed,  
 If one gains kindly Warmth, the other's ſped :  
 But Warmth turns back to him that lies alone ;  
 The Steel will yield no Sparks without the Stone.  
 If Fury from a ſtronger Arm affails,  
 One falls before the Foe when two prevails :

But if a third put in a timely Stroke,  
 The Cord that's threefold is not quickly broke.  
 To be a poor wife Child, is judg'd a thing  
 More honorable than to be a King  
 That's old and foolish, and whose Disposition  
 Checks at Advice, and spurns at Admonition.  
 The low and lank Estates are often known  
 To climb from Prisons, to the princely Throne ;  
 And glorious Monarchs have been seen to fail,  
 And change their glittering Glory for a Gaol.  
 So have I seen the vulgar Hearts grow cold  
 To withering Greatness, whilst their Eyes behold  
 The blooming Heir, to whom Affections run  
 Like morning Eyes to greet the rising Sun.  
 Past Ages quench the Father's fading Light  
 In the Son's Hopes, and future Days benight  
 The Son in his Succeeders Expectation ;  
 O this is Vanity and Souls Vexation.

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#### S O L I L O Q U Y. IV.

**M**Y Soul, to what a strange disguised Good  
 Art thou bewitcht ! O how hath Flesh and Blood  
 Betray'd thee to a Happiness that brings  
 No Comfort but from transitory Things !  
 How is thy Freedom curb'd ! How art thou clogg'd  
 With dull Mortality, bestow'd and bogg'd  
 In thine own Frailty ! How art thou repos'd  
 In sin-polluted Dust ! Embrac'd, enclos'd  
 In the foul Arms of thy own base Corruptions !  
 How is thy Will disturb'd with the Interruptions  
 Of cross Desires ? Desires not knowing where  
 To find a Centre, rambling here and there,  
 Which, like their Objects, alterable, come  
 Like idle Vagrants without Pass, or Home.  
 Review thyself, my Soul, cast up thy Days,  
 They are but few, thy Life is but a Blaze :



Go take an Inventory of those Joys  
Which thy false Earth allows: They are but Toys,  
To mock the Frailty of thy flatter'd Sense,  
Attended with a Thousand Discontents:  
Hath Heaven enrich'd thy Pains with thriving Drifts  
Of mighty Gold? Endow'd thy Mind with Gifts  
Of sacred Art? Or glorifi'd thy Name  
With Honour posted on the Wings of Fame?  
What is there, then, that lies in Earth's Election  
To raise thy Happ'ness to more high Perfection?

Ay, but my Soul, what great, what higher Hand  
Shall stop the Mouth of Envy? Or command  
Her snake-devouring Fangs to keep the Peace  
Upon thy worried Name? To every Lease  
Of Earth's best granted Happiness, belongs  
The sharp Proviso of malicious Tongues:  
They, they shall blast thy Fortunes; leave a Tang  
Upon thy new-broach'd Honour: They shall hang  
Like Burrs upon thy Welfare, and destroy,  
Like the eastern Worm, the Ground of all thy Joy.

Or if thou chance to scape the whispering Tongue  
Of secret Envy, Force, and bold-fac'd Wrong,  
May hap to roar upon thy full-mouth'd Sails,  
And rude Oppression with her harpy Nails,  
May gripe thy fair Prosperity, and grate  
Upon the vastness of thy great Estate.

Or if those foreign Dangers should forbare  
To make Assault; or made, prove less severe,  
From out thy very Bosom may arise  
Intestine Foes, to make thy Peace their Prize:  
If that dull Worm, that cloaths the mossy Land  
With Rags, but kiss thy bosom-folded Hand,  
It eats thy Treasure with a secret Rust,  
And lays thy bed-rid Honour in the Dust.

Or if thy droiling Hand should once beslave  
Thy glorious Freedom with a Thirst to have,  
And take thee Prison'r to thy lose Desires,  
Thy Happiness, even whilst enjoy'd, expires.

Or

*Or if a liberal Content should crown  
Thy Gold with Rest, and make thine own, thine own,  
Perchance, thou want'st a Partner, that may share  
In all thy Fortunes : Or (if sped) an Heir,  
Whose Worth and hopeful Merits may revive  
Thy honour'd Dust, and keep thy Name alive.*

*Or if the pleas'd Hand of Heaven subscribe  
To those Desires, a Self-conceit may bribe  
Thy passion guided Will to take up Arms  
'Gainst sovereign Reason, at whose bold Alarms  
Thy false Affections may rise up, and shake  
Thy fancy-baffled Judgment, and so make  
A Gap for Mischief, which may recommend  
Thy reeling Fortunes to a ruinous End.*

*Now tell me, O my Soul,—wherein can Earth  
Deserve thy Pains, or gratify thy Birth,  
In framing equal Happiness, nay, in freeing  
Thy partial Heart from unrepented Being ?  
O, is 't not better, not to thirst at all,  
Than thirst in vain, or quench thy Thirst with Gall ?  
Are not the Cloysters of the barren Womb,  
Far more desirable, than to come  
Into the wild, into the common Hall  
Of troubled Natures factious Court, where all  
Move in their Orbs of Care, and several Ways,  
Fulfil their Revolutions of sad Days ?  
Are not the shady Bowers of Death more sweet  
Than the bold Sunshine, where we hourly meet  
Fresh Ills, like Atomes, whose deluding Breath  
Tickles our Fancies till we laugh to Death ?  
Our Day of Birth leads in our Days of Trouble,  
My Soul prize not this Earth, this Toy, this Bubble.*

## C H A P V.

*Vanities in divine Service, in murmuring against Oppression, and in Riches. Joy in Riches is the Gift of God.*

**A**TTEND thy Foot-steps when thou drawest near  
 The House of God ; and be more apt to hear,  
 Than give the Sacrifice of Fools, which know  
 Not in their Sacrifice what Ill they do :  
 Let not thy Tongue be rash, commit no Waste  
 Of Words before thy God by over haste ;  
 Since he from Heav'n beholds thy Actions here,  
 All lavish Babbling let thy Lips forbare :  
 As Dreams and rest-disturbing Fancies flow  
 From Floods of Business which by day we do ;  
 So multitude of Words are daily sprung  
 From th' idle Fountain of a foolish Tongue.  
 When thou hast bound thee to thy God by Vow,  
 Defer not Payment, but perform it thou :  
 Discharge thy Bonds, for Heaven takes no Delight  
 In Fools, that violate the Faith they plight ;  
 Far safer 'tis thy Vows were never made,  
 Then having promis'd Payment, never pay'd.  
 Let not thy Lips ensnare thee ; plead not thou  
 Before thy Angel, 'twas too rash a Vow:  
 O why should'st thou provoke thy God, and dare  
 His Curse upon thy Practice, and thy Pray'r ?  
 Dreams oft are vain, and Folly's mixt among  
 The Language of a multiloquious Tongue ;  
 But let the Wisdom of thy Lips appear  
 Before thy God with reverential Fear.  
 Seest thou perverted Justice in the Land,  
 And poor Men grip'd beneath th' Oppressors Hand ?

Stand

Stand not amaz'd : The Almighty views their Way,  
 And there be Powers at hand more high than they.  
 The fruitful Surface of the pregnant Soyl,  
 Enrich'd by the laborious Ploughman's Toyl,  
 Brings forth to all ; nay, very Kings do build  
 Their whole Subsistence from the fertile Field :  
 'Tis not full Heaps of eye-rejoicing Gold  
 Can feed and screen thy Nakedness from Cold :  
 Nor can the Piles of treasur'd Wealth sustain  
 Thy drooping Spirits : This is also vain.  
 As Goods increase, e'en so their Number, who  
 Must share thy Goods increase, increaseth too :  
 What hath the Owner more than they, but this,  
 What they consume, his Eyes behold as his ?  
 How sweetly pleasant is the Sleep of such  
 As labour, eat they little, or eat much ?  
 When as the Wealth of idle Owners, keep  
 Their Heart from Quiet, and their Eyes from Sleep.

There is an Ill that happens now and then  
 Beneath the Sun, among the Sons of Men.  
 Oft have I seen increasing Riches grow  
 To be their great-made Owners Overthrow ;  
 And vex their Souls with Care, and then repay  
 Unprosp'rous Pains with Grief, and melt away.  
 His Wealth is fled, and when he should transfer it  
 Upon his Heir, there's nothing to inherit.  
 Look how he came into the World, the same  
 He shall go out, as naked as he came ;  
 Of what his lab'ring Arm hath brought about,  
 His dying Hand shall carry nothing out :  
 This is a wounding Grief, that as he came,  
 In ev'ry Point, he shall return the same :  
 What Profit can his Soul's Affliction find,  
 That toyls for Air, and travels but for Wind ?  
 The Pilgrimage of his laborious Days,  
 Is fordid and obscure, and all his Ways  
 Are blockt with Troubles, and his Soul's disquiet,  
 To gain his very life-sustaining Diet.

I hold



I hold it therefore the most happy Lot,  
 To eat and drink, and reap what Pains hath got,  
 To crown those Days which his Creator gave ;  
 'Tis all the Portion he is like to have :  
 All such to whom the bounteous Hand of Heav'n  
 Gives Wealth, and License to enjoy it given,  
 To sweeten Labour, may they understand,  
 It is a Favour from the Almighty's Hand :  
 Such, doubtless, in their Labour, shall forget  
 Their painful Sorrows, and their toylsome Sweat ;  
 For Heav'n hath crown'd their fair Desires, and sent  
 A peaceful Conscience, and a pleas'd Content.

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# S O L I L O Q U Y V.

**B**UT bark, my Soul, the morning Bells invite  
 Thy early Paces to a new Delight :  
 Away, away ; the holy Saint's Bell rings,  
 Put on thy Robes, and oyl thy sacred Wings :  
 Call home thy Heart, and bid thy Thoughts surcease  
 To be thy Thoughts ; go bind them to the Peace ;  
 Take good Security, or if such fail,  
 Commit them to the all-commanding Jail  
 Of thy cram'd Bags, there to lie close and fast,  
 Until thy heaven-atoning Vows be past :  
 Confine thy rambling Pleasures to the Trust  
 Of vacant Hours : And let thy Wisdom thrust  
 Indulgent Hagar, and her base-born Child  
 From thy sad Gates ; let them be both exil'd  
 From thy soft Bosom ; let not Ishmael share  
 With holy Isaac ; Isaac must be Heir :  
 Nor let thy sorrow-melted Heart bemoan  
 Thy banish'd Bondslave, nor her thirsty Son :  
 Take thou no Care for them ; Heav'n will supply  
 Their craving Thirst with Bottles from thine Eye :  
 Leave all thy servile Fancies in the Vale,  
 Mount thou the sacred Hill, and there, betwale,

D

Thy

Thy dying Isaac, whose free Gift may be  
 A living Pledge betwixt thy God and thee.  
 Here mayst thou feast thy Soul, and fill thy Breast  
 With heavenly Raptures, and with holy Rest.  
 Here shall thy Piety sweeten all thy Pains,  
 And Grace shall here relieve what Grief distrains :  
 Here mayst thou shrowd thee from those Ills that wait  
 Upon the Frailty of thy frail Estate.  
 Here may thy Grievs unbosome all their Groans,  
 And find Redress from the high Throne of Thrones.  
 Hasten then ; O bid thee to that sacred Place ;  
 Why stay'st thou ? See the widened Arms of Grace  
 Invite thy Presence, and with open Breast  
 Promise fair Welcome to so fair a Guest !

O but my zeal-transported Soul, take heed,  
 Too rash a Haste brings oft too dear a Speed :  
 Observe thy Steps ; thy Feet are apt to slide,  
 If thy misguided Paces swerve aside,  
 Death waits at either Hand, to make a Prize  
 Of wavering Footsteps, and miswandering Eyes :  
 Near the best Blessings neighbouring Dangers dwell,  
 The very Suburbs of blest Heaven, is Hell.

Thus when thy awful Presence shall draw near  
 These ballalujous Courts, advise, and fear ;  
 Put off thy Shoes ; 'Tis holy Ground thou tread'st :  
 Be not too bold ; thou di'st unless thou dread'st.

Now, may thy holy Boldness safely venture  
 To pass these delectable Ports, and enter.  
 Now cloath thy Heart with Reverence ; be fill'd  
 With secret Raptures ; let thy Fancy build  
 No Castles here ; beware thou banish hence  
 The sinful Objects of invited Sense :  
 Make Heav'n's Command (and let thy zealous Motion  
 Subscribe to that) the Cause of thy Devotion :  
 Let Heav'n's Direction be thy Form, and bend  
 Thy endful Heart to make Heav'n's Glory th' End :  
 Worship that's moulded in Traditions Schools,  
 Is but the sensual Sacrifice of Fools.

Be wisely careful what thy Lips impart ;  
 Bring thy soft Tongue acquainted with thy Heart :  
 Be slow to speak, and be as quick to hear ;  
 Heaven loves a single Tongue, a double Ear.  
 Make haste to pay what thy vow'd Promise owes ;  
 Destruction dwells in unperformed Vowes.

Thus mayst thou break the heart-corroding Fangs  
 Of griping Care, and scape the dying Pangs  
 Of living Death: Here, here, thou mayst controul  
 Earths Power, and imparadise thy Soul  
 In soft and sacred Rest, beyond the Extent  
 Of whining Grief, and murmuring Discontent.

Ay, but my Soul, gross Vanity even dwells  
 In thy Devotion, whose rank Offering smells  
 So strong of Earth, that very Heavens deride  
 Our very Altars, and abhor the Pride  
 Of our disguis'd Humility, which brings  
 A secret Curse upon our holiest Things :

Hence, hence, my Soul, proceed those boystrous Waves  
 That plunge our Frailties : This, O this enslaves  
 Our craven'd Spirits so, that we e'en fail  
 Or shrink before the Combat, and turn tail  
 To every slight Affliction : This unlevels  
 Thy even-way'd Peace, with indigested Evils :  
 This sowers all thy Sweets, 'sads all thy Rest,  
 Nay dispossests thee, even whilst possesst  
 Of thy imperious Treasure.—

O then, my Soul, where shall thy Wounds obtain  
 That sovereign Balsom ? Who shall ease thy Pain ?  
 In what blest Ear will thy Complaints find Place ?  
 What holy Altar shall thy Arms embrace ?  
 If here be no Protection for oppress'd  
 And labouring Souls, where shall poor Souls have Rest ?  
 Earths Joys are vain, and they that shall commit  
 Trust in vain Earth, are far more vain than it.

## C H A P. VI.

*The Vanity of Riches without Use. Of Children, and  
Old Age without Riches. The Vanity of Sight and  
wandering Desires. The Conclusion of Vanities.*

**T**HERE is an Ev'll, which my observing Eye  
Hath taken Notice of beneath the Sky ;  
It is an Ev'll frequents the troubled Breast  
Of wretched Man, and robs him of his Rest.  
To see where God hath multiply'd and giv'n  
What Wealth and Honour Earth can beg of Heav'n,  
And yet no Power to use it, but descends  
To very Strangers : O, this Grief transcends !  
Who multiply their Loins and Years, yet have  
Souls unsuffic'd with good, and soil the Grave  
With blemisht and dishonour'd Names, I say  
Abortive Births are better far than they :  
For he can hardly own a Being, whom  
Nature casts forth from the untimely Womb :  
Darkness infolds him in her secret Shades,  
His Name's forgotten, and his Mem'ry fades.  
The Worlds surveying Lamp does not affright  
The pleasing Slumbers of his peaceful Night :  
There be no Ears, no Eyes, to hear, to see,  
The living Soul hath not such Rest as he :  
Yea though he live a thousand Years twice told,  
What worth his Eyes, can his sad Eyes behold ?  
Do they not both arrive, not both resort  
To the dull Portals of the self same Port ?  
The best Reward of Man's laborious Sweat  
Is but a Morfel of Quotidian Meat :  
This may suffice his Body, but the Will  
Of his insatiate Soul what Hand can fill ?

What



What is it then the wise Man's Labour gains  
 More than the painful Fool by all his Pains ?  
 What wants the poor Man that by prudent Labour  
 Knows how to live, more than his wealthy Neighbour ?  
 Better enjoy a Competence, and crave not  
 More Wealth, than still desire the Wealth we have not.  
 To wish, what if enjoy'd brings Molestation,  
 Is but meer Vanity and Souls Vexation.  
 The worldly Confluence of Treasure can  
 Exempt no Mortal from the Lot of Man.  
 Nor can his Wealth instruct him to withstand  
 The angry Strokes of the Almighty's Hand :  
 Since the Increase of Wealth procur'd by Pain,  
 Preserv'd with Fear, with Sorrow lost again,  
 Increaseth Grief in the Possessor's Breast,  
 What Vantage then hath Man to be possiest ?  
 Who knows what's good for Man in this dull Blaze  
 Of Life, his swift, his Shadow-flying Days ?  
 Or who can tell, when his short Hour is run,  
 Th' Event of all his Toyl beneath the Sun.

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## S O L I L O Q U Y VI.

**W**HAT meant that great-creating Pow'r to frame  
 This spacious Universe ? Was not his Name  
 Glorious enough without a Witness ? Why  
 Did that corrected Twilight of his Eye  
 Unmusle Darkness, and with Morning Light  
 Redeem the Day from new baptized Night ?  
 What meant that sacred Power to command  
 Divorce betwixt united Sea and Land ?  
 Why wrapt he Earth (as yet untouch'd with Showers)  
 In a green Robe embroider'd all with Flowers ?  
 What meant the Beams of his resplendent Eyes  
 To print their Image in the crystal Skies ?

*What*

*What princely Guests with all their num'rous Train  
 Did he expect? Was he to entertain?  
 That his magnificent, his bounteous Hand  
 Made such Provision both by Sea and Land?  
 What royal State's at hand? What Potentate?  
 On whom must all these royal Armies wait?  
 Who worthy of so great a Preparation,  
 Is th' Object of such royal Expectation?  
 What Prince is to be born? What glorious Birth  
 Is to be celebrated?*

*Groaning Earth*

*Brought forth a Lump not much above a Span,  
 A little, naked, puling thing, call'd MAN.  
 Man, a poor shiftless transitory thing,  
 Born without Sword or Shield, not having Wing  
 To fly from threatening Danger, not an Arm  
 To grapple with those num'rous Ills that swarn  
 About his new-born Frailty, warpt aside  
 From fair Obedience to rebellious Pride.  
 Man, in whose Frame the great Three-One advis'd,  
 And with a studied Hand epitomiz'd  
 The large, voluminous, and perfect Story  
 Of all his Works; the Manual of his Glory:  
 Man, in whose Soul, the all Eternal drew  
 The Image of himself, for Earth to view  
 With Fear and Wonder, in whose sov'reign Eye  
 He breath'd the Flames of dreadful Majesty,  
 Fill'd him with Power, entrusted to his Hand  
 Earth's Empire, and the lower World's Command;  
 Crown'd him with Glory, made him little lower  
 Than Heav'n-bred Angels that excel in Power.*

*O but my Soul, how is that Hand asham'd  
 Of his own Work! How is this Frame unfram'd!  
 How is this Manual blotted? Every Word  
 How interlin'd? How is this Image blur'd?  
 How are those Sparks of Majesty, that were  
 So bright, now hasted with degenerate Fear?*

*How is that Power that was bred and born  
 The Earth Commander, now become the Scorn  
 Of Dungbill Passion, shipwrackt with the Gust,  
 Of every fatuous and inferior Lust!  
 How is the Sunbright Honour of his Name  
 Eclipt! How is his Glory cloath'd with Shame!*

*Reflect upon thy self, my Soul: Enquire  
 Into the Vastness of thy vain Desire:  
 What wouldst thou have, which (being bad) may fill  
 Th' unsatbom'd Gulph of thy insatiate Will?  
 Thou level'st at a Good: Wherein consists  
 The Good thou level'st at? To what strange Lists  
 Is her conceal'd Omnipotence confin'd?  
 Where is this Will-commanding Saint enshrind?  
 Is not her royal Person gone to view  
 The Mines of Ophir, or the rich Peru?  
 Or is she gone to oil the Wings of Time  
 With unctious Pleasures in some foreign Clime?  
 Or is she mounted on the slippery Throne  
 Of staggering Honour, there disguis'd, unknown?  
 Alas, my Soul, if Heaven should suit thy Store  
 With thy Desire, thou wouldst desire yet more:  
 Or if spring Tides of Gold should a Degree  
 Transcend thy Wish, perchance it would want thee:  
 What if a num'rous Off-spring should proclaim  
 A Perpetuity to th' lasting Name;  
 Or if the even-spun Twine should be extended  
 Till thou couldst number Nations all descended  
 From thine own Loins; yet if the sparing Hand  
 Of wayward Providence should chance to brand  
 Thy Days with Poverty, th' abortive Birth  
 Is more indebted to the gracious Earth  
 Than thou whose shadow grasping Hand e'entires  
 Upon the Vanity of thy vast Desires:  
 Nay, if both Heav'n and Earth should undertake  
 To extract the best from all Mankind to make  
 One perfect happy Man, and thou wert He;  
 Thy finite Fortunes still would disagree*

*With*

*With thy insatiate Soul : Some Qualms of Earth,  
Hereditary to thy human Birth,  
Would print thy pamper'd Soul with such a fresh  
And lively Character of feeble Flesh,  
That all thy Joys (do Fortune what she can)  
May not exempt thee from the Lot of Man.*

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## C H A P. VII.

*Remedies against Vanity, are a good Name. Mortification. Patience. Wisdom. The Difficulty of Wisdom.*

**A** Good reputed Name is sweeter far  
Than Breaths of Aromatick Ointments are :  
And that sad Day when first we drew our Breath  
Is not so happy as the Day of Death.  
Better it is to be a Fun'ral Guest,  
Than find the Welcomes of a frolick Feast :  
There mayst thou view thy End, and take Occasion  
T' enrich thy Thoughts with fruitful Contemplation.  
Better to cloud thy Face with Grief, than show  
The lavish Wrinkles of a laughing Brow ;  
For by the sad Demeanour of thine Eyes  
The Heart's instructed, and becomes more wise.  
The wise Man's sober Heart is always turning  
His wary Footsteps to the House of Mourning ;  
But Fools consume, and revel out the Night  
In Dalliance, and the Day in loose Delight.  
The Virtue of a wise Man's fair Reproof,  
Brings greater Benefit to a Man's Behoof,  
Than all those Ear-bewitching Sweets than can  
Belch from the Language of a foolish Man.  
Look how the crackling Thorns under the Pot  
Blaze for a Season, but continue not ;

E'en



E'en so do foolish Flatt'ries entertain  
 Our Souls with Joy ; but all that Joy is vain.  
 When wise Men turn Oppressors, they have crackt  
 Their Understandings in the very Act ;  
 And the Acceptance of a Bribe destroys  
 The Grounds of Judgment, and it blinds her Eyes.  
 In all Attempts the Onset does not lend  
 So sweet a Satisfaction, as the End :  
 And he whose gentle Spirit is endow'd  
 With Meekness, is far better than the Proud.  
 Let not thy hot-mouth'd Spirit entertain  
 Too sudden Passion with too slack a Rein ;  
 For rash and unadvised Anger rests  
 Embosom'd, and abides in foolish Breasts.  
 Let not thy murm'ring Tongue desire to know  
 Why former Days were not so bad as now ;  
 Where Heav'n declares a Will, no wise Man's Eye  
 Should search a Cause, or Lips enquire a *Why*.  
 Wisdom is profitable to advance  
 Man's Welfare, joined with Inheritance ;  
 By this Conjunction Profit doth arise  
 To those that toyl beneath the sweltring Skies.  
 Wisdom's a Guard ; and Treasure a Defence  
 To supersede our Wants, reliev'd from thence.  
 Wisdom's th' Extract of Knowledge, and conveys  
 To the Possessor everlasting Days.  
 O let thy Thoughts enquire and understand  
 The well-weigh'd Works of the Almighty's Hand.  
 What he hath settled in a crooked State,  
 No Industry of Man can make it strait.  
 In thy good Day take Pleasure, and be wise ;  
 In thy bad Day have Patience, and advise ;  
 For Heav'n gives both by turns, to let Man see  
 How alterable Earthly Pleasures be.  
 Much have I seen in this my short liv'd Day ;  
 Among the rest, the just Man snacht away  
 In his just Works, whilst wicked find Success,  
 And prosper in their long-liv'd Wickedness.

E

Since

Since then th' upright Man's Recompence is such,  
 Be not too wise, nor righteous over much ;  
 Why should thy too much Righteousness betray  
 Thy danger'd Life, and make thy Life a Prey ?  
 Nor let the Flesh suggest thee, or advise  
 Thy Thoughts to be too wicked, too unwise.  
 Why should thy Folly captivate thy Breath,  
 And make thee Pris'ner to untimely Death ?  
 In all thy Courses therefore it is best  
 To lodge Uprightness in thy constant Breast.  
 For he that feareth the Almighty, shall  
 Outwear his Ev'l, or find no Ev'l at all :  
 Wisdom affords more Strength, more fortifies  
 The undejected Courage of the wise,  
 Than all the twisted Pow'r of those that are  
 The Guides of Cities, or their Men of war.  
 Yet is there none beneath the crystal Skies  
 So just in Action, or in Word so wise ;  
 That doeth always good, or hath not been  
 Sometimes polluted with the Stains of Sin.  
 At Passions Language stop thy gentle Ear,  
 Lest if thy Servant curse thee thou shouldst hear.  
 For oftentimes thy Heart will let thee see  
 That others likewise have been curs'd by thee.  
 This Wisdom by my Travel I attain'd,  
 And in my Thoughts conceiv'd that I had gain'd  
 No common Height, but on a strict Revile  
 I found my Wisdom came far short of wise.  
 Objects far distant, Secrets too profound  
 What Eye can entertain ; what Heart can found ?  
 I bent my studious Heart to search and pry  
 Into the Bosom of *Philosophy* ;  
 I gave my self to understand the Art  
 Of Folly, and the Madness of the Heart :  
 I found the Harlot's Ways more bitter are (Snare,  
 Than Death, whose Arms are Gins, whose Heart's a  
 Whom Heav'n doth favour shall decline her Gates,  
 But Sinners shall be taken by her Baits.

Lo,

Lo, this I have observ'd (the Preacher says)  
 By strict Enquest into their sev'ral Ways :  
 Whereof my restless, my laborious Mind  
 Would make Discov'ry, but despairs to find ;  
 Among a thousand Men perchance that one  
 May be trac'd out, but among Women, none.  
 Lo here the Fruits of all my Disquisition,  
 Only to know the devious Condition  
 Of poor degen'rous Man, whose first Estate  
 Heav'n copied from himself, upright, and strait.

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## S O L I L O Q U Y    VII.

**S**INCE then my Soul, the frail and false Estate  
 Of fading Happiness cannot create  
 The least Contentment in thy various Mind,  
 Whose Fancy-guided Motion cannot find  
 The Point of Rest, but like the boiling Waves  
 Tost in the Storms of Earth, sometimes outbraves  
 The threatening Firmament, then at a Breath  
 Darts down, and dashes at the Doors of Death ;  
 Since waxen-winged Honour is not void  
 Of Danger, whether aim'd at, or enjoy'd ;  
 Since Heart-enchancing Profit bath not Fruit,  
 But Care, both in Fruition, and Pursuit ;  
 Since Pleasure like a wanton Itch doth breed  
 In the rank Flesh, but scratcht until it bleed ;  
 Since Laughter is but Madness, and high Diet  
 The officious Pander of our own Disquiet ;  
 Since glorious Buildings, and magnifick Towers,  
 Fruetiferous Orchards, Odoriferous Bowers ;  
 Full clustered Vineyards, Beauties, and the choice  
 Of Musick, both by Instrument and Voice,  
 Can lend thy Heart no full Content, nor still  
 The various Clamours of th' insatiate Will ;

Since human Wisdom is but human Trouble,  
 And double Knowledge makes our Sorrow double ;  
 Since what we have, but lights our Wish to more,  
 And in the Height of Plenty makes us poor ;  
 And what we have not, too too apt to crave,  
 Ev'n disposses us of what we have ;  
 Nay, since the very Act of our Devotion  
 Can bring no Rest, nor qualify the Motion  
 Of our unbounded Thoughts, to sweeten out  
 This Span of Frailty, plung'd, and orb'd about  
 With Floods of Bitterness : Since none of these,  
 Nor all can crown our Labours, nor appease  
 Our raging Hearts, O my deceived Soul,  
 Where wilt thou purchase Peace ? Who shall controul,  
 Who shall suppress those Passions that contest  
 Within the Kingdom of thy troubled Breast ?  
 Whither ? to what strange Region wilt thou fly  
 To find Content, and baulk that Vanity  
 Which haunts this bubble Earth, and makes thee still  
 A Slave to thy infatuated Will ?  
 Call home thy self : Inspect thy self anew,  
 And take thy Birthright to a fresh Review :  
 Thou art immortal ; art divine by birth,  
 A Spark of Heav'n ; thou art not born of Earth ;  
 Earth is the Footstool of thy heavenly Throne ;  
 Made for thy baser Parts to trample on.

Look not so low, my Soul, there's nothing there  
 Fit for thy sacred View ; it is no Sphere  
 For thee to move in : No, let Worms and Beasts,  
 And salvage Brutes trade there, and lay their Gests  
 Of Progress, to surround with weary Paces  
 The base Confines of those inferiour Places.

Ay, but my Soul, th' Alliance of my Flesh  
 Claims Kindred there, takes pleasure to refresh  
 Her wasted Body there : Earth is her Mother,  
 The Worm her Sister, and the Beast her Brother.

'Tis true, she is thy Spouse, Heav'n ty'd the Knot  
 For none to loose but Heav'n : I know her Lot



*Is mortal, frail, and being born of Earth,  
Corrupt, and wears the Badges of her Birth.  
If she transgress, it's thou must bear the Blame,  
And all her Deeds reflect upon thy Name ;  
O then beware, and if she needs must go  
To visit Earth, first, let her Frailty know,  
How apt she is to fall, and she how prone  
To blur and stain thy Honour and her own.*

*A Name unblemisht with the sinful Soil  
Of fordid Earth, is as a precious Oil,  
Which like a sovereign Antidote prevents  
That Plague of Vanity which Earth presents.*

*Then tell her, tell her, that her Mother Earth  
Must give her Burial, as she gave her Birth :  
Tell her, O tell her, every Gasp of Breath  
Are Minutes moving to the Hour of Death :  
And let her know, The House of Mourning brings  
More Profit than the Palaces of Kings :  
Tell her, less real Happiness doth dwell  
In a full Banquet, than a passing Bell.*

*Arm her with Patience apt to entertain  
The wise Reproofs : but if her Passion reign,  
Correct it wisely : Teach her sober Eye  
A willing Ignorance in things too high.*

*If liberal Earth should chance to crown her Store,  
Let her wise Modesty receive no more  
Than she can manage ; Pilots that are wise,  
Proportion out their Canvas to the Skies.*

*Let not her Knowledge with the Eagle fly,  
Unless her Wisdom hath an Eagle's Eye.  
Wisdom digests what Knowledge did devour,  
Things sweet in taste, are indigested sowre.*

*In prosp'rous Fortunes let her Joy be such,  
That in hard Times she may not grieve too much.*

*Let her count Wisdom as her chiefest Good,  
And the Price easie, whether Sweat or Blood :*

*And let the Perclose of her Thoughts be this,  
To study what Man was, and what Man is.*

*So now my Soul, thy well instructed Flesh  
 May visit Earth, and with her Sweets refresh,  
 Thy wasted Spirit, secure from all those Ills  
 Which threaten Ruin to distempered Wills :  
 Now mayst thou eat and drink, and make Supplies  
 For after-days, and close thy peaceful Eyes  
 In calm Content, and scape those hidden Snares  
 That lurk in Pleasures, and increase our Cares.  
 He only takes Advantage of his Lot,  
 That uses Earth, as if he us'd it not.*

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## C H A P. VIII.

*Kings are greatly to be respected: Divine Providence is  
 to be observed. It is better with the Godly in Ad-  
 versity, than with the Wicked in Prosperity. The  
 Work of God is unsearchable.*

**W**HO's equal to the wise Man? who but he  
 Can judge of things, or what their Natures be?  
 Wisdom adorns the Cheek with lovely Grace;  
 And plants courageous Boldness in the Face.  
 Let me advise the Subjects Heart to stand  
 Devoted always to the King's Command:  
 For having sworn Allegiance to him, both  
 Heav'n and thy Conscience do attest the Oath.  
 Let not thy discontented Haste incite  
 Abrupt Departure from his awful Sight:  
 If thou hast err'd, continue not in Ill,  
 For Princes Acts are guided by their Will:  
 The potent Majesty of a Prince's Word  
 Is backt and made authentick by the Sword:  
 What vent'rous Tongue dare question, or demand  
 The least Account from his illustrious Hand?

Whose

Whose loyal Breasts observe the Laws of Kings,  
 Shall never know the Grief Rebellion brings :  
 The wise Man's Heart knows Times and Judgment too,  
 Not only when to speak, but what to do.  
 For there's to every Purpose among Men  
 A Judgment how to do, a Season when,  
 Which if mistaken, or not understood,  
 Brings so much Mis'ry upon Flesh and Blood.  
 For Man is ignorant of what may fall,  
 And who is he can tell him when it shall ?  
 No Man hath Power to prolong his Breath,  
 Or make him Shot-free in the Day of Death :  
 There's no Retreat in that sad War, nor can  
 Man's Wickedness preserve the wicked Man.  
 All this have I observed, and have given  
 My Heart to note each Action under Heaven :  
 There was a time when the Oppressor's Arm  
 Opprest his Brother to th' Oppressor's Harm.  
 So have I seen grave Judges (but unjust)  
 That sat in Judgment honour'd to the Dust  
 Which hid their Crimes ; these seemed to obtain  
 Some Happiness : This Happiness is vain.  
 Because a present Sentence is not past  
 Upon the Wicked, their dull Hearts at last  
 Grow quite obdure, resolv'd, and fully bent,  
 To act what Ills their greedy Lusts present.  
 Put case the Sinner multiply his Crime,  
 And his long Days e'en rust the Sithe of Time :  
 Yet well I know they only shall be blest,  
 That fear th' Almighty with a filial Breast.  
 Ay, but the Wicked shall not scape secure,  
 Though he live long, he shall not long endure ;  
 But like a Shadow shall his Days appear,  
 Because he fear'd not whom he ought to fear.  
 There is a Vanity reigns here below,  
 I see the wise Man reap what Sinners sow,  
 And Sinners share when just Men sow the Seed ;  
 This Grief (said I) all other Grievs exceed.

Then

Then prais'd I Mirth, and held it the best Choice  
 Beneath the Sun, to eat, and to rejoice :  
 For this is all the Good, this all the Gains  
 Is like to chear our Days, and crown our Pains.  
 But when I set my busie Heart to know  
 Wisdom, and Heav'ns strange working here below :  
 (For Day and Night my Studies did deny  
 Sleep to mine Eye-lids, Slumbers to mine Eye)  
 O then I found his Works beneath the Sun  
 Past finding out ; my fruitless Thoughts did run  
 This Heav'nly Maze, till they at length concluded,  
 Man's Wit stoops here ; here Wisdom stands deluded.

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## S O L I L O Q U Y VIII.

**B**UT stay my Soul ! What Language does appear ?  
 Am I deceiv'd ? Or did I seem to hear ?  
 Which Tenet shall I baulk ? And which embrace ?  
 Hath Truth like Janus, got a double Face ?  
 Did not that Voice, that voted Wisdom vain  
 But very now, now cry it up again ?  
 Shall what was late condemn'd as a Disease,  
 Now prove a Remedy ? Such Slips as these  
 Are Brands of human Frailty, which belong  
 To us and ours ; it well beseems our Tongue  
 To contradict and jangle : Error's known  
 By many Faces ; Truth admits but one :  
 How haps it then, that Wisdom, whose Increase  
 Adds to our Grief, yet crowns our Days with Peace ?  
 Be not deceiv'd, my Soul ; let not one Name  
 Confound two Natures, and make two the same :  
 Shall Names give Natures ? Dare thy Tongue profess  
 An equal Priviledge to curse and bless  
 For one Name's Sake ? No, my deluded Soul,  
 Sooner may Light and Darknes, fair and foul,

Sooner



Sooner may Good and Ill ; nay, Heav'n and Hell,  
 May sooner startle from their Parallel,  
 And turn Joint-tenants in one perfect Line,  
 Than these two Wisdoms, human and divine.

That breeds a Tumour in the flatuous Breast ;  
 This lays it : that brings Trouble, and this, Rest :  
 That kindles Fires, and those Fires increase  
 To Self-contention ; this concludes a Peace :  
 That dulls the Thoughts, suppress with low Desires ;  
 This mounts thy Soul with more heroick Fires :  
 That cannot brook the transitory Frown  
 Of Fortunes Brow ; this makes a Cross a Crown :  
 That fills thy Hopes with Froth, and blurs thy Youth  
 With black-mouth'd Error ; this directs to Truth :  
 That scorns Advice, and like an own-self Lover  
 Befools thee ; but this honours the Reprover :  
 That fears, and flees, or falls at every Breath  
 Of Discontent ; this triumphs, e'en in Death :  
 That breaks Relations, and for private Ends,  
 Dissolves Allegiance, and disbands true Friends ;  
 This loves Society, calls not mine, but ours,  
 Yields due Obedience to superior Pow'rs :  
 That prickt by Passion rushes into Crimes ;  
 This backt with Reason counsels with the Times :  
 That gives the Name of Power ; this the thing :  
 That makes a Tyrant ; this creates a King :  
 That lights thy Honour, fading like a Blaze ;  
 This crowns thy Name with everlasting Days :  
 That breeds a Serpent ; this brings forth a Dove :  
 That works a servile Fear ; this filial Love :  
 That deads thy Spirit ; this makes thee wisely bold :  
 That scowres thy Brass ; but this refines thy Gold :  
 That fills thy Feast with Cares ; with Fears, thy Breast ;  
 This makes thy Morsel a perpetual Feast :  
 That cools thy Palate, but inflames thy Fire ;  
 This slakes thy Thirst, and satiates thy Desire.

O then, my Soul, correct that Flesh and Blood  
 That blinds thee so ; and, like a gloomy Cloud,

. Thus

Thus interposes, and obscurely flies  
 Betwixt the sacred Object, and thine Eyes:  
 Clear up, my Soul, and like the Eye of Day,  
 Chastise that peccant Darknes, and display  
 Those Mists of Earth, which like false Glasses shew  
 Fanatick Figures, and present thy View  
 With specious Objects, precious in Esteem,  
 (Alas) but nothing less, than what they seem.

Then shall the Wisdom of the scarlet Whore  
 And all her bald-pate Panders, painted o'er  
 With counterfeited Holiness, appear  
 In her true Colours, so that every Ear  
 That hears her base Impostures, and the Fame  
 Of her lewd Piety, shall abhor the Name  
 Of bloody Rome: Then shall the spotted Beast  
 Put off her golden Trappings; and undrest  
 Of all her Glory, be turn'd out to graze  
 In uncouth Deserts, and consume her Days  
 With Dragons, Tigers, and those salvage things,  
 Now pamper'd with the Blood of Saints and Kings.  
 O then the crooked Paths of Error, Fraud,  
 And Candle-light Devotion, trim'd and straw'd  
 With sweet-lipt Roses, shall appear as plain,  
 As Tide-forsaken Rocks along the Main.  
 Then shall true Wisdom, like fair Sheba's Queen,  
 Begin her royal Progress, and now seen  
 In perfect Beauty, shall erect her Throne  
 In every Breast, and every Solomon  
 Shall court her Glory, and intranc'd in pleasure,  
 Shall smell her Spices, and divide her Treasure.

## C H A P. IX.

*Like things happen to Good and Bad. There is a  
Necessity of Death unto Men. Comfort is all their  
Portion in this Life. God's Providence ruleth over  
all. Wisdom is better than Strength.*

**A**LL this I ponder'd, and at length I found  
All Actions, whether just or wise, are crown'd  
By secret Providence: And no Man knows  
God's Love or Hate, by Blessings or by Blows.  
All haps alike to all; the same Things do  
Befal the Righteous and th' Unrighteous too.  
Th' Unclean, and Clean, have here the self-same Pay;  
And he that prays, and he that doth not pray:  
Alike befalls to Good and Bad, and both  
To him that swears, and him that fears an Oath:  
It is a Grief that grates beneath the Sun,  
That like Events betide to every one;  
Which makes the desp'rate Hearts of Men to rave  
With Mischief, till they drop into the Grave.  
For the Ambition of their Hopes extend  
But to this Life, and with this Life they end:  
Better to be a living Dog (they plead)  
Than to be known a Lyon that is dead:  
For they that live, know well that they shall die,  
And therefore take their Time; but they that lie  
Rak'd up in Death's cold Embers, they know not  
Or Good or Ill: their Names are quite forgot:  
They have no Friends to love, no Foes to hate;  
They know no Virtue to spit Venom at;  
They sell no Sweat for Gains, nor do they buy  
Pleasure with Pains, or trade beneath the Skie:

Go then, rejoice, and eat : Let a full Bowle  
 Casheire thy Cares, and chear thy frolick Soul ;  
 What Heaven hath lent thee with a liberal Hand,  
 To serve, and cheer thy Frailty up, command.  
 Indulge thy careful Flesh with new Supply,  
 And Change of Garments of the purest Dye ;  
 Refresh thy Limbs, annoy'd with Sweat and Toyl,  
 With costly Baths, thy Head with precious Oil.  
 Delight thy self in thy delicious Wife  
 All the vain Days of thy vain wasting Life ;  
 Of all the Works thy painful Hand hath done,  
 This, this is all the Price beneath the Sun.  
 What e'er thy Hand endeavours, that may gain  
 Contentment, spare not either Cost or Pain ;  
 For there's no Hand to work, no Pow'r to have,  
 No Wisdom to contrive within the Grave.

I find the Swift not always win the Prize,  
 Nor Strength of Arm the Battle, nor the wise  
 Grow rich in Fortunes, nor the Men of Skill  
 In Favour ; all as Time and Fortune will.  
 Man knoweth not his Time ; as Fishes are  
 Snar'd in the Net, Birds tangled in the Snare ;  
 So be the Sons of Men surpriz'd with Snares,  
 When Mischief falls upon them unawares.

This Wisdom have I seen beneath the Skie,  
 Which wisely weigh'd, deserves a wise Man's Eye.

There was a little City poorly man'd,  
 'Gainst which a potent King brought up a Band  
 Of martial Strength, besieg'd it, and withal  
 Built mighty Bulwarks 'gainst her slender Wall ;  
 In this half conquer'd City there was found  
 A poor wise Man, whose Wisdom did confound  
 Both them and all the Works their Strength could plant ;  
 Yet no Reward reliev'd this poor Man's Want.  
 O then (thought I) poor Wisdom will at length  
 Discover greater Worth than golden Strength ;  
 Yet is the poor Man's Wisdom poorly priz'd,  
 His Word's not heard, or being heard, dispis'd :

The



The whispering wise Man's Tongue prevaieth more,  
 Than when the Lips of foolish Rulers roar :  
 Prudent Advice is more transcendent far,  
 Than Strength of Arm, or Instruments of War :  
 But rash Attempts of a misguided Hand  
 Defeat themselves, and ruin all the Land.

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## S O L I L O Q U Y. IX.

**B**UT *ah, my Soul, what boots it to be wise?  
 Or what Advantage? what great Profit lies  
 In a fair Journey? to be well supply'd  
 With all Accoutrements, a knowing Guide,  
 A mettled Steed, a sweet and temperate Skie,  
 Short Miles, and way-beguiling Company;  
 When armed Death stands ready to attend  
 Thy parting Stirrup at thy Journey's End?  
 Thy Wisdom cannot save thee; has no Power  
 To keep thee Shot-free, or to quit that Hour.  
 Dull Nabal's Hour-glass runs as slow a Pace  
 As active Solomon's: An equal Space  
 Divides their Minutes; Death's impartial Hand  
 Wounds all alike, and Death will give no Sand.*

*What then my Soul? If Wisdom should entail  
 Our Happiness on this Life, or fill our Sail  
 In this wild Ocean with perpetual Breath,  
 When should we find a Hav'n? If partial Death  
 Should favour Wisdom, and not exercise  
 Her Office there, 'twere Misery to be wise:  
 The prudent Pilot, whose marinal Skill  
 Makes the proud Winds obedient to his Will,  
 And ploughs the Billows with less Fear than wrong,  
 Takes no Delight to make his Voyage long;  
 But with his wise Endeavours seeks to guide  
 His slender Pinnace, and to curb the Pride*

*Of the rebellious Waves, and doth address  
His Care to crown his Voyage with Success.*

*Our Life's the Voyage, and this World the Ocean ;  
Our Cares are Waves tost in continual motion ;  
Our Thoughts are busie Winds, that often blow  
Too strong a Gale, and tosses too and fro  
Our crazy Vessels : Every Soul does bear  
The Office of a Pilot, now to steer,  
Now to advise ; and still to lay Commands  
Upon th' Affection-Sailers, whose rude Hands  
Are always active, ready to fulfil  
The wise Directions of the Pilot's Will.*

*It matters not, my Soul, how long or short  
Thy Voyage be, if safe ; they gain the Port  
With best Advantage, that in peace arrive  
With Ribs unshook, and all their Men alive.  
It lies not in the skilful Pilot's Power  
To avoid tempestuous Seas, but to endure ;  
'Tis Wisdom to endure, as well as do ;  
Who bravely suffers, is victorious too.*

*Then chear, my Soul ; let not the Frowns of Earth  
Disturb thy Peace, or interrupt thy Mirth :  
Let not that rude, that Apogean Storm  
Of Flesh and Blood dismay thee, or deform  
The Beauty of thy Thoughts, or cast thy Mind  
Into a base Despondence : Let the Wind  
Blow where it please, a well-prepared Breast  
Will give thee Shelter, and afford thee Rest.*

*When worldly Crosses tempt thee, understand  
Heav'n tries thy Temper then ; if then thou stand  
Upright in Court, and of unshaken Mind,  
The Test approves thee, and thou art refin'd.*

*Then chear, my Soul ; let not the Rubs of Earth  
Disturb thy Peace, or interrupt thy Mirth ;  
If Heav'n hath crown'd thy Labours with Success,  
Enjoy it freely ; eat and drink, and bless  
The gracious Giver : Let thy Soul rejoice  
And take a cheerful Pleasure in the Choice*

Of all Delights ; and what his Bounty gave  
 With a free Hand, fear not thou to receive  
 With a free Heart : Refresh thy fainting Head  
 With precious Oils, and change thy careful Bread  
 To Feasts of Joy ; or if a Cross should greet  
 Thy frolick Soul, march bravely on, and meet  
 Adversity half way ; and with a Heart  
 Too great for Earth to wrong, shake Hands and part :  
 Chear then my Soul ; let not the Rubs of Earth  
 Disturb thy Peace, or interrupt thy Mirth :  
 Go, sweeten up thy Labours and thy Life  
 With fresh Delights : Rejoice thee in the Wife  
 And Partner of thy Bosom ; let her Breast  
 Suffice thee as the Centre of thy Rest :  
 Deny thy Heart no Pleasure, that may lie  
 Within the lawful Limits of thine Eye :  
 Take Time while Time shall serve ; to morrow may  
 Be none of ours ; come, come, be wise to day ;  
 And teach thy Labours to bestow their Sorrow  
 On those that practise to be Fools to morrow.

## C H A P X.

*Observations of Wisdom and Folly. Of Riot, Slothfulness, and Money. Mens Thoughts of Kings ought to be revered.*

**L**OOK how dead Flies (tho' few in Number) soil,  
 Corrupt and putrify the purest Oil :  
 Ev'n so a little Folly stains his Fame  
 Whom fair Repute for Wisdom lends a Name,  
 A wise Man's Heart is plac'd at his right Hand,  
 His Plots and Counsels are of strong Command ;  
 But Hearts of Fools are weak and rash, bereft  
 Of sage Advice ; their Hearts are at their Left.

Nay,

Nay, if their Steps but measure out the Way,  
 Their Garb, their Looks, their Language do betray  
 Their Folly, read by whomsoe're they meet ;  
 Themselves proclaim their selves in ev'ry Street.  
 If thy Superior happen to incense  
 His jealous Wrath at thy suppos'd Offence,  
 Do thou thy Part and yield, for Yielding flakes  
 The raging Flame, that great Transgression makes.  
 I see an Ill beneath the Sun that springs  
 From Error, reigning in the Breast of Kings :  
 Fools are made Statesmen, and command at Court,  
 And Men of Parts are made the lower Sort.  
 So have I seen proud Servants mounted high  
 On lordly Steeds, and Lords to lackey by.  
 He that shall dig a Pit, that shall prepare  
 A Snare, shall be ensnar'd in his own Snare.  
 And he that tramples down a Hedge shall meet  
 A Serpent to salute his trampling Feet.  
 He that shall shake a Stone-compacted Wall,  
 Shall undergo the Danger of the Fall :  
 Who undertakes to cleave the knotty Oak,  
 Shall be a painful Partner in the Stroak :  
 But if th' unwhetted Edge be blunt, the Arm  
 Must give more Strength, and so receive more Harm ;  
 But if he challenge Wisdom for his Guide,  
 Wisdom will do, what painful Strength deny'd.  
 The rash reproving Mouth of Fools are arm'd  
 Like unenchanted Serpents, if not charm'd.  
 The wise Man's Words are gracious, where they go,  
 But foolish Language doth themselves o'erthrow.  
 Folly brings in the Prologue with his Tongue,  
 Whose Epilogue is Rage and open Wrong.  
 The Fool abounds in Tongue, there's none can know  
 What his Words mean, or what he means to do.  
 The tedious Actions of a Fool doth try  
 The Patience of the weary Stander by ;  
 Because his Weakness knows not how to lay  
 His Actions Posture in a civil Way.



Wo to the Land, whose Prince's Wisdom sways  
 The Scepter in the Nonage of her Days ;  
 And whose grave Rulers, that should haunt the Seat  
 Of sacred Justice, rise betime to eat.  
 Blessed art thou O Land, when as thy King  
 Derives his royal Blood from th' ancient Spring  
 Of Majesty, and Rulers timely diet  
 Serves to maintain their Strength, and not their Riot.  
 By too much Slothfulness the Building falls  
 Into Decay, and Ruin strikes her Walls,  
 And through the sluggish Posture of his Hand  
 The Weather-beaten House forgets to stand :  
 Who eats and drinks and frolicks, uncontroul'd,  
 Maintaining Riot with his wanton Gold.  
 Curse not the King, nor them that bear the Sword,  
 No, not in Thought, tho' Thought express no Word ;  
 The Fowls of Heav'n shall vent such hideous Things,  
 And swift Report shall fly with secret Wings.

### S O L I L O Q U Y X .

**B**UT *ah, my Soul ! How closely Folly cleaves  
 To Flesh and Blood ! How mungrel Nature weaves  
 Wisdom and Folly in the self same Loom,  
 Like Web and Woof, whereby they both become  
 One perfect Web to cloath our Imperfections  
 With Linsey-woolsey, and our mixt Affections  
 With foolish Wisdom ! O how full of Earth  
 Was our first Ore, which at our sinful Birth  
 Was taken from the Womb ; Now purifi'd  
 In sacred Fires, and more than seven Times try'd  
 In sharp Affliction's Furnace ; yet how base  
 Our Bullion is ! not worthy of the Face  
 That makes us currant ; O how apt and prone  
 Is Flesh and Blood to fall, if let alone  
 But one poor Minute ! Most in Danger then  
 To be surpriz'd and soyl'd with Folly, when*

G

Our

Our bold Presumption tempts our Thoughts to prize  
 Our Wisdoms overmuch, and seem too wise.  
 How one rash Action ; O how one dead Fly  
 Embalm'd in thy sweet Oil does putrifie  
 Thy Box of Spikenard ! How it casts a Shame  
 Upon the Beauty of thy honour'd Name !

O then, my Soul, take heed to keep thy Heart  
 At thy right Hand ; there, there she will impart  
 Continual Secrets, and direct thy Ways  
 In sacred Ethicks, sweetning out thy Days  
 With season'd Knowledge, Knowledge past the Reach  
 Of black-mouth'd Error, shall instruct and teach  
 Thy Tongue wise Silence ; Wisdom when to break  
 Thy closed Lips, and Judgment how to speak :  
 She'll teach thee Christian Policy, and how  
 To keep thee safe whenas thy Prince's Brow  
 Shall threaten Death, e'en when the Flame shall fly  
 Like horrid Lightning from his wrathful Eye.

Ay, but the Rage of Princes oftentimes  
 Darts Lightning at the Person, not his Crimes ;  
 And their misguided Will oft times demands  
 Obedience there, where Conscience countermands.

Take heed, my Soul ; thou tread'st upon the Ice,  
 Be not too vent'rous here, nor too too nice :  
 Rush not too bold ; thou mayst as soon convince  
 An Error in thy Conscience, as thy Prince.  
 To lay Commands upon indifferent things,  
 Is a sole Royalty belongs to Kings.  
 If here thy Conscience doubt, the Book of Life  
 Must cast the Balance, and decide the Strife :  
 If this way, thy enforc'd Obedience then  
 Must stoop ; if that, please rather God than Men.  
 If th' Embers of his Rage should chance to lie  
 Rak'd up, or Furnace from his angry Eye,  
 Quit not thy Duty : 'tis thy Part t'assuage  
 The jealous Flames of his consuming Rage.  
 What, if through Error or misguided Will  
 He heaves the Way to Good, and cleaves to Ill ;

Lend

*Lend him thy Prayers ; lament, advise, persuade,  
Lift not thy Hand, nor let thy Tongue upbraid  
His sacred Person ; he's by Heav'n appointed  
To be thy Prince ; O touch not Heav'n's Anointed.*

*What, if he lend the Fulness of his Pow'r  
To those imperious Spirits that devour  
Subjects like Bread, and drink the loyal Blood  
Of Men line Water ; Men, not once allow'd  
To plead for Life ; but silently subscribe  
To those that cannot judge without a Bribe ?*

*What, if his Power pleases to commit  
His past'ral Staff to such as are more fit  
To kill and eat, or recommend his Flocks  
To such dumb Dogs, of whom nor Wolfe or Fox  
Will stand in Awe, or show their Fears by Flight,  
That have not Tongues to bark, nor Teeth to bite ?  
Rebel not thou, nor in a hostile Way  
Accost thy Prince ; Or suffer, or obey.*

*What, if the common Favourite of the Times  
(The Courty Fool, grown great with count'nance) climes  
Up to a Lordship, when the Man of Merit  
Broke on the Wheel of Fortune must inherit  
Nothing but Scorn and Want ; and a poor Name  
Betraid to Pity, and to empty Fame ?  
Be thou thy self, let not thy Eye be evil :  
To a wise Heart both Hills and Dales are level.*

*How happy is that Land, how blest the Nation,  
Whose Prince directs by Power, not by Passion ?  
Whose sacred Wisdom knows how great a Price  
True Virtue bears, and how to punish Vice ;  
Whose royal Majesty, and princely Love  
Can both incorporate, and jointly move  
In a self-glorious Orb, and from one Sphere  
Breathe such rare Influence of Love, and Fear  
Into the Hearts of Men, that all the Land  
Shall cry a Solomon, and sweetly stand  
Rapt with sweet Peace, and sacred Admiration :  
How happy is that Land, how blest the Nation !*

## C H A P. XI.

*Directions for Charity. Death in Life, and the Day of Judgment in the Days of Youth, are to be thought on.*

U P O N the Waters let thy Bread be cast,  
 And thou shalt find it when some Days are past.  
 Give lib'ral Alms, for it's unknown to thee  
 How full of Wants thy after Days shall be.  
 If Clouds be full, will they deny to pour  
 Their fruitful Blessings in a lib'ral Show'r ?  
 Or North, or South, or wherefoe'er the Tree  
 Shall fall, no question it shall fall to thee.  
 He that observes the Wind shall never sow :  
 Who marks the Clouds shall never reap nor mow.  
 Like as the Embryo's growth within their Wombs,  
 Is strange to thee, and how the Soul becomes  
 The Body's Inmate ; e'en so all the rest  
 Of Heav'ns high Works are Strangers to thy Breast.  
 Cast thou thy morning Seed upon the Land,  
 And at the Evening hold not back thy Hand ;  
 For who is he can tell thee which of these  
 Shall prosper best, or bring thee best Increase ?  
 'Tis true, the Light is sweet, and every one  
 Takes pleasure in the World-rejoycing Sun :  
 But who lives many joyful Years, if he  
 But count how long his after Shades shall be  
 In Earths dark Bosom, how can he refrain  
 To think these short-liv'd flattering Pleasures vain ?  
 Rejoyce O young Man in thy youthful Ways ;  
 Let thy Heart cheer thee in thy youthful Days,  
 Delight thine Eyes, thy Heart, and take thy Way ;  
 But know that Heavens Account will find a Day.

Then



Then banish false-ey'd Mirth: Be dispossess'd  
Of those lewd Fires that so enflame thy Breast;  
For Childhood, Youth, and all their Joys remain  
But for a Season, and they all are vain.

## S O L I L O Q U Y. XL

**S**O now my Soul, thy Wisdom-season'd Breast  
May eat and drink, and labour and digest  
Thy careful Morsels, and with holy Mirth  
Disperse the Clouds of melancholy Earth:  
Now mayst thou sit beneath thy clustred Vine,  
And press thy Grapes, and drink thy frolick Wine  
In soft and plenteous Peace, and leave to morrow  
To bare the Burden of her self-born Sorrow:  
Now mayst thou walk secure from all those Threats  
Of peevish Fortune, and the sly Deceits  
Of flattering Pleasure: Plenty cannot drown  
Thine Eyes in Mirth, nor Misery cast thee down:  
If the blew Raspers of the falling Skies  
Should leave their spangled Mansion, and surprise  
Thy feeble Strength, well may their Ruins smite thee,  
And grind thy Clod to Dust, but not affright thee.  
What want'st thou then, my Soul, that may augment  
The real Happiness of a true Content?  
What Virtue's wanting now, whose Absence may  
Encourage bold fac'd Vanity to betray  
Thy even sun-shine Days to Sorrow; or occasion  
Thy fair-contriv'd Designs to taste Vexation?  
Wouldst thou have Honour? Thou enjoyst it: Treasure?  
Thou hast it: Wouldst thou gain the greater Pleasure  
Of a true noble Spouse; whose Life may show  
Virtues rare Quintessence? Thou hast that too:  
Wouldst thou have hopeful Sons to crown thy Last  
With Peace and Honour? Such rare Sons thou hast:  
Thy

*Thy Princes Favour ? Or thy Peoples Love ?  
 All this thou hast : Wisdom in Things above ?  
 Thou hast it : Knowledge in these Toys beneath ?  
 Thou hast it : Skill in th' Arts ? Or curious Breath  
 Of whispering State ? All this thou hast : Where then  
 Shall thy new Wishes fix, rare Man of Men ?*

*Ay, but my Soul, one Good is wanting still  
 To sum a full Perfection, and to fill  
 Thy Cruise with Happiness ; which if possessest,  
 Thou hast a Diadem, crowns all the rest :  
 Hadst thou the Tongues of Men, and couldst thou break  
 Thy Lips in Oracles ; or couldst thou speak  
 The Dialect of Angels when they sing  
 Their sacred Canzons to their sovereign King,  
 A tinkling Cymbal, or the hideous Sounds  
 Of discomposed Discords, or the Rounds  
 Of frolick midnight Madness would requite  
 Thy wild Attention with as much Delight,  
 And breathe as sweetly in the Almighty's Ear,  
 If heart-rejoycing Charity be not there :  
 Hadst thou what Strength the Parnassian Muse  
 Can bless thy Fancy with, or Heaven infuse ;  
 Hadst thou a Faith to make the Mountains fly  
 In the vast Orbe, like Atoms in thy Eye ;  
 Less than those Atoms would thy Faith appear,  
 If Faith-confirming Charity be not there :  
 Shouldst thou, to purchase Heaven, renounce thy Right  
 Of all thy Goods, and turn an Anchorite ;  
 Or should thy Courage, to deserve the Name  
 Of Martyr, give thy Body to the Flame,  
 When that Blood pleads, Heav'n will not lend an Ear  
 If Heav'n-engaging Charity be not there.*

*Since then, my Soul, both Faith and Works lie dead  
 If Charity fail, be wise, and cast thy Bread  
 Upon the Waters ; as the Waters run  
 Deal thou thy Dole, until thy Dole be done.  
 Man is God's Husbandry ; if then the Plough  
 Of careful Want hath struck the furrow'd Brow,*

*And*

*And makes it fit for Seed ; hold not thy Hand ;  
 He robs himself that faintly sows the Land :  
 Stay not for Showers ; the Soil if overflown,  
 Will drown thy Seed corn, and return thee none :  
 Let not some Weeds discourage thee to sow,  
 The Plough will root them up ; or if they grow  
 Too sturdy for the Coulter's Point to kill,  
 Fear not thy Harvest ; a hard Winter will.  
 Cast not lank Grain upon too lean a Ground,  
 Fair Crops from off all Corn are rarely found.  
 Sow closely what thou sow'st, and least in Sight,  
 The Eyes of Doves will make thy Harvest light :  
 But stay ! Thou mayst surcharge as well as starve  
 The Soil ; but wise Men know what Seed will serve :  
 Thy Work thus wisely done ; What then remains ?  
 Give Heaven th' Glory, and expect the Gains.*

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## C H A P. XII.

*The Creator is to be remembered in due Time. The  
 Preacher's Care to edifie. The Fear of God is the  
 chief Antidote of Vanity.*

**R**EMEMBER thy Creator in thy Prime  
 Of present Youth, before the black-mouth'd Time  
 Of fullen Age approach ; before the Day  
 Thy dying Pleasures find a dull Dé cay ;  
 Before the Sun, and Moon, and Stars appear  
 Dark in thy microcosmal Hemisphere ;  
 Before the Clouds of Sorrows multiply,  
 And hide the Crystal of the gloomy Skie ;  
 Before the Keepers of thy crazy Tow'r  
 Be Pallie-stricken, and thy Men of Pow'r  
 Sink as they march, and Grinders cease to grind  
 Distastful Bread, and Windows are grown blind.

Then



Then shall the Castles two-leaf'd Gates be barr'd  
 When as the Millstones Language is not heard ;  
 The horn-mouth Belman shall affright thy Slumbers,  
 Thy untun'd Ear shall loath harmonious Numbers :  
 Each obvious Mole-hill shall increase thy Fears,  
 And careful Snow shall blanch thy falling Hairs ;  
 A Fly shall load thy Shoulders : Thy Desire  
 And all thy bed-rid Passions shall expire.  
 Pale Death's at hand, and Mourners come to meet  
 Thy tear-bedabled Funerals in the Street.  
 Then shall the Sinews silver Cord be los'd ;  
 Thy Brains gold Bowl be broke : The undispos'd  
 And idle Liver's Fountain dry'd ;  
 The Bloods meandring Cisterns unsupply'd.  
 Then shall the Dust her Dust to Dust deliver,  
 Whose Spirit shall return to God the Giver.

Whereunto th' Ecclesiastick thus replies,  
 All, all is vain, and vainest Vanities.

Because his true repentant Soul was wise,  
 He read this Wisdom-lecture, did advise  
 And search the Fountain, whence he did convey  
 The fruitful Streams in a proverbial Way.  
 He sought and found such Words, which had the Might  
 To entermingle Profit with Delight ;  
 And what his Spirit-prompted Pen did write  
 Was Truth itself, and most exact upright.  
 The wise Man's Words are like to Goads, that do  
 Stir up the Drowzy, and spur up the Slow :  
 And like to Nails to be made fast and driv'n  
 By Hands to th' Hearts of Men sent down from Heav'n.

Make Use, my Son, of what this Hand hath pen'd,  
 There is no End of Pamphlets to no End ;  
 These tire the Flesh, and after Age is spent,  
 They breathe some Knowledge, but no true Content.  
 Mark then the Ground where the main Building stands,  
*Fear thou thy God, observe his just Commands,*  
 Within the Limits of this sacred Ground  
 Man's Duty lies ; true Happiness is found :



No Work shall pass untry'd : No Hand hath done  
 What shall not plead at Heav'n's Tribunal Throne :  
 All Secrets good and bad attend his Eye ;  
 His Eyes behold where Day could never pry.

*Deus bis quoque finem.*

## S O L I L O Q U Y, XII.

**N**OW launch, my Soul, into this Sea of Tears ;  
 Fear Storms and Rocks, yet smile upon thy Fears ;  
 Weigh Anchor ; hoist thy weather beaten Sails ;  
 The Tides run smooth ; the Wind breathes prosp'rous Gales.  
 Tridented Neptune now hath struck a Peace  
 With full-mouth'd Æolus, and the Wars surcease :  
 They sound a Parley, and begin to treat,  
 And sea-green Triton sounds a shrill Retreat.  
 March now, my Soul, through Hadadrimmon's Vale  
 Without a Tear ; or if thou must bewail,  
 Mourn for vain Earth, and drop in Alms one Tear  
 For him that finds no Happiness but there.  
 Now mayst thou trample on the Asp, and tread  
 On the young Lyon, and th' old Dragon's Head ;  
 Wisdom shall guide thee, Love shall circumclose thee,  
 That Fraud shall not beguile, or Force oppose thee.  
 Thy Prince shall honour thee, thy Peers embrace thee ;  
 No Crime shall shame thee, and no Tongue disgrace thee ;  
 The Rich shall rev'rence thee, the Poor shall bless thee ;  
 Wrath shall not over-rule, nor Pride oppress thee ;  
 Thy Want shall not afflict, nor Wealth betray thee,  
 This shall not puff thee up, nor that dismay thee :  
 Pleasure shall not ensnare, nor Pains torment thee,  
 This shall not make thee sad, nor that repent thee.  
 Blest shall thy Labours be, and sweet thy Rest ;  
 Blest shall thy Thoughts be, and thy Actions blest ;

H

Ble

*Blest in thy Peace, and blest in thy Promotion ;  
 Blest in thy Sports, and blest in thy Devotion ;  
 Blest in thy Losses, blest in thy Increases ;  
 Blest in thy Health, and blest in thy Diseases ;  
 Blest in thy Knowledge, blest in thy Corrections ;  
 Blest in thy Soul, and blest in thy Affections.*

*O then, my Soul, let thy Affections flow  
 In Streams of Love to him that lov'd thee so ;  
 Let not his high-priz'd Benefits depart  
 From thy Remembrance, grave them in thy Heart  
 With Tools of Adamant, that they may last  
 To after-times, that when thy Days be past,  
 Thy well-instructed Children may emblaze  
 Thy Maker's Goodness to the Last of Days.  
 Bless thou the Lord, my Soul ; let thy whole Frame,  
 And all within thee magnify that Name  
 That blest thee so ; bless thou the Lord, my Soul,  
 Report his precious Favours, and enrol  
 His numerous Mercies in thy grateful Breast :  
 Remember thy Creator ; O protest  
 His Praises to the World, and let thy Tongue  
 Make him the Subject of thy youthful Song ;  
 Give him the Firstlings of thy Strength, e'en then  
 When fading Childhood seeks to ripen Man  
 Upon thy downy Cheeks ; when Vigor trains  
 The sparkling Blood through thy meandring Veins ;  
 Before thy flowing Marrow shall foment  
 Thy lustful Fires ; before the false Content  
 Of frothy Pleasures shall begin t' invite  
 Thy fond Affections to a vain Delight.  
 Then, then, my Soul, whilst thy Supplis are fresh  
 And strong, wage War with thy rebellious Flesh ;  
 Gird up thy Loins, and march, spare neither Sweat  
 Nor Blood, take Courage, strike, subdue, defeat :  
 Sing a triumphant Song, sing Io Pæan ;  
 Adorn thy Brows with Palm, and again, sing Io Pæan.  
 Take time while time shall serve ; 'tis thine to day,  
 But secret Danger still attends Delay.*

Do while thou mayst ; to day has Eagle Wings,  
 And who can tell what Change to morrow brings ?  
 Advantage wastes, and Strength of Body wares,  
 Life has no Lease ; and Youth no Term for Years :  
 When creeping Age shall quench thy sprightly Fires,  
 And breathe cold Winter on thy chill Desires.  
 What Fire shall burn thy Offerings ? O what Praise  
 Can issue forth from cold decrepit Days ?  
 When ebbing Bloods neap-tides shall strike thy Limbs  
 With trembling Palsies ; when dry Age bedims  
 The optick Sun-shine of thy bed-rid Days,  
 What boots thy cold, thy paralytick Praise ?  
 When secret Ulcers shall attaint thy Breath  
 With Fumes more noysome than the Sinks of Death,  
 What Pleasure shall thy great Creator raise  
 From thy breath-tainted, and unsavoury Praise ?  
 Come then, my Soul, rouse up thy dull Desire,  
 And quicken thy faint Coals of sacred Fire,  
 That lie rak'd up in th' Embers of thy Flesh ;  
 Fetch Breath from Heaven, and with that Breath refresh  
 Thy glim'ring Sparks, brook not the least Delay,  
 Embers grow cold, and Sparks will soon decay.

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